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Thomas, Horace. MANUSCRIPT WHALING JOURNAL
ABOARD THE BRIG MATTAPOISETT, 1841-1842. A fair
copy, almost certainly in another hand, of a
whaling journal kept by one Horace Thomas on a
whaling voyage to the Atlantic Ocean from 26 Mar
1841-5 Sep 1842, the journal ending on 4 Mar 1842.
20.4 cm., [88] pp. The Mattapoisett sailed from
New Bedford, Capt. Brightman, and touched in the
Azores. Although the entries are not daily, the
descriptions are both thorough and descriptive of
life on board, and are related with a fine sense
of humor: "First off this morning discovered
grampers [sic.] of our weather quarter. it is
stark calm and we are making no headway at all,
except it be in sin and I doubt if we do in that
for from the appearance of things I should think
we had arrived at perfection itself all hands
going into the water officers and all except the
cooper and myself we being so inactive we are
afraid to trust our selves over board and besides
the water is over either of our heads." There is
a lengthy description of an incident in which the
men refused duty after having been served spoiled
meat, and the captain locked them up. The journal
ends in the Virgin Islands, before the end of the
voyage. See Sherman 3172 for a log of this
voyage. Starbuck p. 378: the Mattapoisett was
sold to Stonington at the end of the voyage. \$1500

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JOURNAL of HORACE THOMAS - sailed on the Brig "MATHEWSON"
150 Tons - Captain Brightman - sperm whaling voyage to
Atlantic - Sailed 3-26-1841 home 9-5-1842. This
JOURNAL covers 3-26-1841 to 3-4-1842

Sailor's Log of Horace Thomas

March 24 1841

I went to New Bedford on foot intending to walk to Mattapoissett but found the Plymouth line of stage ready to go directly through the place so I got on board of it and arrived in Mattapoissett about 3 o'clock, went down to the wharf, found there was a great site of work to do before the brig could set out upon her voyage, turned onto work and finished the day thus. Thursday the 25 work on the brig all day in a passion and the way the potatoes and turnips went on board was amusing I can assure you onions to about 10 bushels. When I got to Mattapoissett there was not a sail bent nor any rigging over head except the standing parts and at night upon the 25th we had her ready for sea so I guess all of us yankees have a right to say that we worked some in a short time - that night they hauled the vessel into the stream to keep the ~~crew~~ on board as they thought of going to sea in

in the morning otherways the sailors
would in all probability half of them
been among the missing in the morning
if they had been left on shore. I
did not go on board that night as they
did not suspect me of running away -
26th got under way about 9 o'clock a.m.
with a head wind and current - left
sight of Mattapoisett about noon and
beat about in Buzzards bay until
night when we came to our anchor
'off' Nashuina island all in sight
of Dartmouth but rather too far off
for me to go on shore it being
about 10 miles. The wind blew quite
fresh all ~~night~~ day and the water
flew some, water running in all
the lee scuppers on deck all the
time. The pilot stayed on board
all night and in the morning
we got our anchors and made sail -
beat through Crickes? hole and run
~~wood~~
Ovicks

down to Tarpanlin cove and came
and came to an anchor again - went

to work fixing our fishing tackle the rest
 of that day 28th Sunday lay in the cove
 with about 20 sail of vessels until about
 2 o'clock P.M. when we got under way again
 and by sunset not a vestage of the
 solid earth was to be seen. That night
 the wind blew heavy from the north.
 and we were obliged to scud before it.
 the water came threw the deck into my
 berth and wet every rag of cloths
 sopping wet but the funniest of it
 all was when we had to furl the
 fore top gallant sail fore top sail
 fore sail and double reef main top sail
 all most all of us were were what
 old sailors call green hand or horns
 and to see the trembling creatures
 lay out on the yard arms was
 really laugh able though I could not
 but pity them for well do I remember
 the first time I went aloft to
 paint a vessels spars I feared that
 I should fall although the vessel
 was laying quietly by the wharf,
 quite different there, the vessel was

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rolling and pitching to a great rate
and the poor fellows had as much as
they could do to hold themselves on
whilst those of us who could go about
crawled over them and did the work
April 1st.

All hands employed in
finding out how many April fools
we had on board. and it was finally
decided that the majority of us were
far from it, however there is three
of our hands who are real Vermonter

Our cooper for instance is the
most tardy fellow I ever saw, I
cannot think how he managed to
eat enough to nourish his body which
is by no means small, weighing
about 200 lbs and as for his ?
in trying to make two wash tubs out
of a barrel by sawing it in ~~two~~
he came very near spoiling both
I do not know what he will do when
we come to get oil if we are lucky
enough ~~too~~ ever to get any. and
as for 2 of our fore ~~most~~ hands they

are three degrees below the cooper. they do not know much and probably never will they are the laughing stock of the whole crew who are not gifted with a blackguard tongue or the use of language I cannot help pitying ~~these~~ poor fellows whilst I laugh and irresistable drop a word at their expense occasionally

9th — 14 days out saw the first whale and it proved to be nothing but a finn back which are seldom taken. They like to run too well for the most of folks, had seen whales almost every day but not the kind that we are after

10th saw and spoke a noble ship 7 days out from New Orleans

14th — we have had nothing but gales and uncomfortable weather ever since we have been at sea — hard work and sleeping in a wet bunk have brot on the rheumatism in my side the worst kind. our decks have not been dry since we were out and I begin to despair of ever seeing

them so. The vessel is small and rolls continually so that the devil himself cannot write and all my paper is wet and a curs on the man who maid my pen points the points are as big as my fingers end, they wer like Peter Pinters ~~scissors~~ razors made to sell -

Today is much the finest weather we have had we are now in about 32 N. latitude steering for the Western Islands. I washed for the first time since out a few things. We live like a passle of hogs. Our living is good much better than ships in general and enough of it. good beef, pork and beans duff flat cakes and fried mince pies almost every Saturday, some times butter but not often

19th -

Saw porpoises by the acre tried to catch ~~some~~ of them but failed in the attempt. Today we came on an allowance of molasses

because we waisted it having as much as we wanted. Some of the men forgot economy especially two Portugees who it seems as though they would live on it. The captain began to think we should come short before our voige was up. One quart per week one of our sap heads previously mentioned, by the name of Tom, by birth a scotchman thinking perhaps his portion would not last him his week - in his walk on deck bethought himself of a plan to replenish it and accordingly went below where our mate was asleep ~~and~~ (as he thought) and took the bottle of a French man who slept in the next birth and began to use it quite freely which set the French man to ^{it} at no small rate Well done Scotchman how greatly was I deceived when I said you did not know much

20th - saw Grampires today - played about the vessel two ^{hours} ~~days~~ or more

one very large one as large as a
small whale ~~there were some~~
we saw what they call killers too
a fish that fights the whale
like wise a plenty of fin backs
but to our sorrow no sperm whale
which we look for with all the
eagerness of a starving man upon
a dish of beefsteak well buttered.
our scotch man and the other
fore mast hand I noticed before by
the name of Joseph Robinson had a
fall out or as some say a fall to
on account of the petty theft before
mentioned. Now this Joseph is a
lad but 15 years old stands 6
feet in his boots and will probably
weigh 180 as green a fellow
as ever was growed on the sunny
side of a hill in Vermont with
a nose a foot long and everything
in proportion in fact he is what
I call a
says he Some do you tell me
lie, if you do take that accompanin

his words with a blow which showed how much deck it took for Tom to lay on - take that and when you tell me I live again there is more in store for you of the same piece.

May 1st

About 8 o'clock I discovered a whale of the sperm order and lowered the first and second mates boats in pursuit but it was going from us with a great speed and having no wind to help us after him he got away from us. the boats pursued about 12 miles from the brig which carried them out of sight and they gave up the chase after 6 hours hard rowing and lost a warm dinner of baked beans which however they did justice to when they did sit down eating nearly two quarts each. which made me say to myself who wouldnt sell a farm and go a whaling. However I have not yet repented going neither have I felt the least homesick.

5th month the 1st 1841

Sunday 4 oclock P.M watch below
latitude 45.56 long 52 almost a perfect
calm. discovered from masthead about
11 oclock a.m a large logger head turtle.
loared the captains boat to which I am
bowman and made him an easy
prumer took him on board and the
doctor (that is the cook) fell to work
and desected him in about five
minutes. just got him dressed.
as we spyed some drift stuff with
plenty of fish about it. We then
boarded the 2nd mates boat and went after
some fish which we found to be dolphin
but they were all together too independent
of us to be caught. by the way they are
the handsomest fish I ever saw, they
change color like one of our village
belles in their changeable silks on
a bright Sunday morning swinging
off to meeting about $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots
with a fair gallant beam. We
returned with nothing but some of
the lumber such as boards which

probably had been washed from some
vessels deck in a gale of wind
Monday the 2nd

Had such a turtle soup as is a scarce
article in New Bedford or Boston. I would
have made old Tippecanoe sigh to
have tasted. but that was not
possible nor did we want to see
the cooey? about that time. If he had
been with us he would have had to eat
with out knives and forks.

Its provoking to think that my books
and paper is always so damp and
unfit for use. Once in about a
week I try to write a little but when
I have a chance it is always rough
and uncomfortable. We are now
about to speak a bark ship and
I expect my boat will have to go on
board. I must jump on deck.

Friday the seventh —

Just six weeks to day since we
hoisted our colors in Mattapoisett
harbor, hoared the larboard and pulled
after what whalers call tillers a large

fish nearly the size of a whale themselves, they are armed with a large bone on their backs with which they attack their prey, they kill the whale and suck out their tongues and blood. Saw plenty of porpoises playing under our bows. Second mate threw an iron but the subject ran under the bows of the ~~whale~~ vessel which being under considerable headway, dragged the iron out of his mortality. Now I must go to mending. Yesterday we spoke the bark Mariah of Bedford went on board and had a good time with the crew, she has been out five months and had nothing.

May 13th. Just done a duck frock which I have been making. Made first style and sewed with double thread which is black and shows to good advantage on white duck. Sometime when I have an opportunity I shall try my hand at a pair of trousers which I think I am good for, not

because I need them but just to exercise my needle and thread bump which I think lies somewhere about the small of my back that being the place where I feel the most pain when exercising my self in that way. We have had quite a heavy gale for a week past, sustained some small loss, laid to, ~~under~~ loose reef main top sail and spencer for three days and nights. It was what most sailors call a smart breeze of wind and I suppose the sea ran what the poets call mountain high but I did not see any thing I called larger than a very small hill. However they were large enough some old sailors were quite sick. I have not been sick at all since I came out except a little squemish once.

. Just seven weeks out. we sailed on Friday, as the old women would say an onerous and unlucky day. But we was lucky enough to see the spout.

of a sperm whale and all on board loard and had not gone a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile before a whole family of them arose. The captains boat pulled out one way and the other two in opposite directions and we pulled directly onto three large whales that layed close together and the boat steerer who was young and inexperienced and a little frightened or too anxious darted his harpoon exactly flatway and struck the animal on his side nearer him and his fellows got away so we got nothing. but the larboard boat got fast to one and in about ten minutes he was a ~~go~~ dead one got him along side ^{about half past two} and riged up our cutting falls and had him on deck or rather his blubber in the hole and his head on deck.

5th month - 15

about three oclock in the morning got the fire a going in the arches like all praire, a greasy mess there was

of us that day: and any one would have been sensible of it could they have seen us. the grease was two or three inches thick on deck and the sailors slipping from one side to another. of the vessel cursing and swearing and laughing all in a breath.

16th

Finished boiling out our oil and cleared up our decks coopered our casks and got all snug about noon we put up about 35 or 40 barrels and felt better for a short time.

21st.

5th mo. 21st

Our mast head men are upon a bright look-out this morning. its our unlucky day again and we some expect to see whales. Thinking perhaps some may read this when they have nothing else to do and a large stock of patience on hand like myself, for the benefit of such I would say that mast head men are those that go aloft to look out for whales. These men stand on the top

gallant crosstrees, the very highest place they can get to stand upright and hold on to the mast there. when the ship rolls and pitches they go through the air like birds diving about for flies for their dinners but it makes some of them throw up their dinners. it makes them so very sick when its rough weather as for my part I like it. Its like rocking in a cradle. I can go to sleep and dream of home and look out for whales all at once. We have to go up once every day and some times twice, one man at each mast head and stand two hours and then change for a fresh man, the same as we do at the helm

I do not steer at all in the day time only at night and there is no advantage in being a good helm man for he some times will have to steer his own trick and that of some green horn too, when it blows heavy

as for work I believe we shall be out before long if we do not get whales or have a gale of wind to tare something all to pieces. If neither of these things happen I do not know what there will be to hinder me from reading some which I have not done since I sailed to any amount. Once in a while I get out old Bowdiches Navigator and look into it and throw it into my chest again and coil down in my berth like a dog and go to sleep to dream of whales and wake to disappointment. as for sport we have but little such as riding the spanish hors which is a ride I cannot describe but the amount of the game is that the rider almost always get thrown on his back on the deck.

23d Sunday morning - what would a landsman of sailors could he take a peep at us today - as we are not as we should be some difference between being here and at meeting on shore. here it

is all cursing and swearing and I do not blame them much for the vessel heels the other side up every minute. To give some idea of the rate of swearing this morning, one of our men has kept a log book — in ten minutes swore 123 times and in 14 minutes one which we call the old sinner 150 times and at that rate they keep ~~its~~ going.

yesterday we had the commencement of a gale which gave me an extra watch below and here I am in my bunk sitting like a tailor cross legged with not room enough to sit upright by four inches.

Commenced the morning exercises direct after breakfast by fighting in the focastle. The combattance wer a little fellow from Bedford and one Portagee as large as two of him. our focastle is small and the way they filled it full of fist hands and feet was to overflowing. The Portagee came off victorious. The

other has got a father and brother on board and that angered him to fight thinking probably they would assist him in case he was like to get flayed. but that will not do on board this vessel fair play is the pearl among sailors and if they had interfered they would have been knocked down - where there is two of a family aboard a vessel there is almost always trouble and this yankee takes the liberty of being saucy as he pleases, but that will not do, it is twice within three days that he has got flogged and he will probably get fighting enough before the voyage is over. Glad am I that I fetched no more books for the way they use them in the focastle is wicked enough.

24th

Just came down from aloft and made my breakfast of frozen junk and hard bread. whilst the people of Massachusetts are sweating to get their last hill of corn planted or

weeded we are in lat. as much
 north as 45 or 50 and what the
 devil the captain is after here
 I do not know except it be for
 whales. After I shut my log
 yesterday I went on deck and spied
 a ship coming down for us right
 before the wind which still continued
 to blow an ordinary gale it
 proved to be the bark Washington
 of N. Bedford. The captain is
 brotherlaw of our captain so of course
 we had to go to see each other
 which is no desirable task when
 the sea is very rough we stowed
 their boat for them when we carried
 our mate on board of her. had a
 wide awake time considering it
 was Sunday but every day is alike
 on board most of ships I believe.
 some played at cards and some on
 the fiddle. Variety is the spice of
 life

the 25th The gale is over and we
 are now quietly pursuing our

course across the slumbering waves quite a contrast in 24 hours in the appearance of the sea. Not much of consequence has transpired today. except I have lost my watch below all on account of being a painter however I shall not mind it much as I shall have the privilege of sleeping all night in quiet that is if having a half a dozen men running around and over you hellowing and hauling rigging can be called quiet.

I have a laugh with my self when I think how some of my watch poor fellows will envy me when they have to turn ~~on~~ out to relieve the watch on deck, some to stand and hold on to the taller and others to look out forward, some whistling some singing and dancing to keep themselves awake. About 5 o'clock P.M. discovered a bark to leeward. she backed her main top sail a signal for us to run down to her. We did so and it proved to be the Mariah of

a ship we had previously spoken
we ran under her steam so
close that we could throw a billet
of wood on her and she did not know
us we had painted our boats since
she saw us before which altered
the looks of our brig very much
when the people on board the Maria
found out their mistake ~~their~~ there was
a hearty laugh from one ship
to the other.

26th

Its Monday to day I know by the
dinner its boiled rice. This day
I have spent in painting stairs ^{or stairs} on
the boats and new fitting the
Tribail bangs and in loafing about
deck and whistling Moll Brook
backwards. Work rather slack
and all hands praying for whales
and the like of that but I find
that praying will not raise a
whale no sooner than twill grow
corn we must be patient and
wait their own movings but they

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must be careful how they move in our sight or they will find us moving after them.

27th

All hands are getting their chests on deck to sun there cloths are getting very moldy. I have advantage of the other scamps in the fore-castle my chest I have hung up hard up to the deck and there it keeps considerable dry whilst those that sit on the floor are continually wet either by the seas that break into our parlor or by washing the floor the way we do the floor is by pouring three or four buckets of water onto it and stirring it up with a scrub broom. Towards night painted the names of the star board and larboard boats one we called the Mattapoissett and the other Naiad a sea Nymph.

28

Turned out this morning rather cross on account of card playing. our fore-castle is quite a gamblers shop

21
of late the larboard boat wach play
almost every night. half the wach
and keep such a noise jabbering
and fretting that the other wach can
get but little sleep To day we
have done more work ~~thate~~ that has been
done on deck on bord this week past.
we set up our fore top gallant yard
before and bent the sail and rigging
and spread it to the wind, it
makes a site of odds to the looks
of the craft. Saw porpoises and
yellow tails by the thousand and
catched a great number. I like wise
raised a fin back this morning, it
proved to be an old cow and her calf
they were not what we wanted and
did not molest them.

29th all day on deck today, raised a
big school of black fish. At ten o'clock
boarded all the boats and went after
them. chased them about 2 hours but
as the old saying is they were as wide
awake as black fish when we found
we could not take any of them we all

yelled at them like so many indians every time they brook? water. Until we were quite tired then we returned to the vessel as cross as possible. Had an other first rate turtle soup today. I have to regret my intemperate habits on such days as we have turtle soup. Rice, beans and ~~cod~~ hashed codfish too much eat and no drink is no good as our Frenchman says. There is no liquor on board the brig and I do not know but we get along better for it but I expect when we go ashore at the western Isles we shall see who loves the creature, I am afraid the striped animal will lead them a crooked race then.

30th

First off this morning discovered grampers of our weather quarter. it is stark calm and we are making no headway at all, except it be in sin and I doubt if we do in that for from ^{the} appearance of things I should think we had arrived at perfection itself.

all hands going into the water
officers and all except the cooper and
myself we being so inactive we are
afraid to trust our selves over board
and besides the water is over either of
our heads

31st - just came down from aloft
been looking out for whales so sharp
that my eyes stood out of my head
so that I could hardly get down
through the rigging saw nothing
but porpoises and grampers. The
officers talk hard of leaving this place
for lat. 50 north and if we do
start for there I expect we shall
have some blowing of fingers, if it
is the middle of summer. in our
present lat 35° north we are warm
enough with duck trousers and
shirts standing our watch on deck

We have some curious notions about
sleeping on deck in our wach. if any
one gets asleep the rest of the gang
will make fast some of the running
rigging to their ~~feet~~ legs and bounce the

up all clear from the deck. I have not
 tried it myself. but I am convinced
 I should not sleep so well in that position
 I like gymnastics very well but
 this stoping beds up in the air is
 not what its cracked up to be
 June 1st 1841

Duff day today we sent down our
 tri sail and bent a new one, sent
 down the old main sail and up a
 new one I have had plenty of loft
 work. About 3 o'clock we raised a
 whale ship two points off the weather
 bow and in an hour and a half we
 were together and spoke her. She
 was a frenchman from Bordoe bound
 to N. York. An hour after we spoke
 the brig June of New Bedford 8 months
 out with 65 barrels sperm oil
 Capt. Brightman gave his brother
 captain, an invitation to come on board
 which he accepted and stayed until
 6 o'clock in the evening. We have not
 seen a vessel since we have been

2th
out that could begin to take in
sail with us, if we have got a
a few lubbers on board.

2nd
my watch below this forenoon
the watch on deck are employed
in making a new foresail out
of the old main sail. the men,
all that have a chance are stealing
pieces of canvas to mend their
trousers with - sailors know a
thing or two
6th

I have a watch below this
afternoon, but I cannot sleep on
account of my ugly disposition
the cursed loafers on deck that have
nothing to do have collected
about the binnacle and got the
old cook to spinning yarns that
the devil himself could not believe
a word of. makes me so provoked
I cannot contain myself and I read
it of Man of War fashion I can assure
you that when I have a watch on

deck there is always plenty to do and we are employed or we know enough to let the watch below sleep but after this I think we shall know just enough to keep the lousy devils awake last night we had a knock down between our Scotchman and one large fellow by the name of Johnson. It was short and sweet. it ended without bloodshedding, and began the same way. Tom came down the stairs backward and set square down on Johnsons face as he was laying on his ~~birth~~ chest on his back fast asleep, the fit was so close that poor Johnson couldn't breath and he awoke half strangled and made a dive for Tom and catch him by the throat threw him across the fore-castle and set himself down on him in the same way Tom had served him which thing Tom did not like very well but he could not help himself. We set our vessels head for a

northern cruise last night and the wind is blowing heavy we are dead before it and the way we walk water is speedy. She rolls her ~~sail~~ all under both sides and I have to get both feet braced and lash up the [?] on which I am writing to keep it in the forecastle, just had the cry of porpoise from the mast head and the second mate fastened to one but the vessel was going so fast it broke the iron in a trice. I expect to hear all hands called every minute, all hands ahoy yodlock turn out, show an arm and a leg and I shall be glad to hear it for I have nothing of import to write, except I expect the vessel will roll over every minute.

6 mo 4th

Today we had a regular ring tail snorter the wind is blowing as if it didn't know where it

was going but I should think it
 was under fair headway for
 greenland. I had the afternoon
 below but little good it did me
 as I lay half asleep in my bunk
 about the middle of my watch I
 began to smell red in a minute
 The aft companion shutter gave
~~way~~ it three knocks and the old
 Doctor yelled out "All hands ahoy
 on deck to shorten sail and save
 the ship the stern boat has gone
 to Hell and if we are not quick
 Old Davy Jones will have another!
 In less than an hour we was on
 deck and the sails ~~hauded~~ handed
 except the fore top mast stay sail
 fore spencer and ballance reef
 trisail which when reefed looks
 like a double reefed mitten with
 its thumb coiled? up it is not
 larger than the side board of a
 wheel barrow, after it is split.

5th

Blowed hard in the ~~ten~~ night until about 2 oclock in the morning when it eased up some and about 3 oclock we made sail again and run off before it again, came very near losing our waist boat & she filled with water and swung of her barrels but we finally secured her so that she was only stove in two places not very bad.

6mo 6th Lon, 35

The wind continues to blow a gale from the south east such a time we have not witnessed since we came out of Mattapoissett and to get up an excitement we made a fuss about the dinner which was a ham which the captain sent forward yesterday and told the cook to prepare it for dinner as the men in the focastle would

like it. the majority were for
 having it fried but the old Doctor.
 thought differently and would have it
 his own way by ~~frying~~ and according
 by boiled it to the disapprobation
 of all. it looked very nice after
 it was sent down but was not
 tasted by the people but passed
 immediately on deck again to the
 surprise of the ~~captain~~ cook who
 has now found out he cannot have
 his own way always. The ham was
 sent aft for the officers to eat
 a thing that is not often done I
 imagine. four o'clock we
 hoisted the waist boat on
 deck and secured her in doing
 which a young fellow from
 East Bridgewater by the name of
 Hitchfield got his head hurt
 one of the best fellows on board
 Monday 7th. This forenoon my watch
 below and I do not feel any the cleverest
 after standing my eight hours in
 the rain and spray of the sea that

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continues to fly across the deck,
sometimes holding on to the rigging
sometimes going with railroad
speed across the deck, went to sleep
on top of the scuttle boat and
slept a few minutes woke up
and found the chime? of the
cask had chafed through my
sea jacket and shirt and one
of my ribs about half off - thought
when I went to sleep on deck again
I should hang myself up by the
neck at the yard arm so as
not to wear out my clothes so
fast. We live in hopes this
gale of wind wont always last
Too much of a good thing aint what
its cracked up to be. Once in
a while it seems clever ~~to have~~
to have a stirring of the sleepy
waves. It makes the sleepy helms
man mind his wheel and puts
the sons of the ocean in mind
of what he was born to (hard ships)

but for all, he has many an hour of sweet reflection many a moment when the ocean is rolling the wild profound eternal bass (in nature's anthem (as Pollock hath it) that he's lulled into forgetfulness of all around and dead to every thought but home as he stands peering into the dark veil of night grasping firmly the top sail sheet or bellyard and sees in the distant void the white tops of the coming sea as they break and disappear. even then there comes along with them the recollect of home of friends and relatives by which they hope to be remembered.

Some poor fellows have got a wetting if not for the last time we have seen several pieces of wreck floating by us this fore noon but the wind blew with such violence that it was folly to attempt to take them. one fore yard ~~and~~ with sail

partly furled appeared to be almost new, broken in several places told too well a number of men ~~must~~ went with them from the sail being partly furled.

6th Mo 13th 1841

It is now four days since I have had an opportunity to write one word and now it is with difficulty. on the 10th of the month the gale abated so as to allow our boats to lower and there being black fish in sight we set out in pursuit of them and got two after a great deal of pulling for as they are a smart fish ~~they are~~ we had to pull smart, one of them was a very large one and the other a good size. got them along side the brig and made all ready to hoist them clear of the water when the upper block of the fall parted and the

larger fish launched overboard. joy go with him. the fall and blocks went with him, got the small one on board with out difficulty and soon robbed him of his coat of fat which made us about a barrel of oil. but about the time we shoved his carcass over board one of the boat steerers was forward setting up an iron - (preparing his iron for another conflict, for in this skirmish the fish or whale bend his iron into a dozen angles) and I went forward for something, I ran my arm against it and made a considerable wound in the muscles of the same and I have not done any thing since until today.

Soon after breakfast the cry from mast head was white water and small spouts about six miles off our weather bow. and the boats loared in pursuit of them there was but one well man left on board the brig and so I had to

38
do something. Litchfield is quite sick, one of the best fellows we have, an awful sore throat. He, myself, an old sinner who has got his hand all covered with boils and one portagee which happened to be a well man but didn't know enough to go in the boats was all that was left.

It is our quarreling day to day. we have not had any thing very serious yet. When the boats came on board which was about eleven oclock one boats crew made some brags about out rowing the others which came very near raising a fight.

We are getting lousy as dogs in the forecassle. One night as I lay half asleep ~~in the fore~~ I heard an uncommon noise and in the morn one man johnson found a monstrous lous in his berth and it was supposed the noise was caused by his crolling up the stanchel at the

corners of the bunk. several of the crew have been severely bitten by the creeping things. I cannot guide my fingers to write more now for they begin to ache as well as my whole arm

14th of 6th month -

Rare sport we have had today. we have laughed ourselves almost to crying and to our shame. It was at suffering innocence - Poor Tom the scotchman that I have mentioned before as a know nothing, was taking down a tub half full of beans from the cook into the forecattle for our dinner about 2 pails full, red head and rather more slop than we have them on shore, made a pitch and slopped about a pint into his face and bosom which made poor Tom start back with such speed as he was never known before, clear across the forecattle flat upon his back. in perfect horror of his dangerous

situation, leaving the half capsized beans at the top of the stairs and they not being inclined to stop after Tom had gone followed directly after the fallen fugitive and then we learned the meaning of "give him beans" for they completely covered him. I would take his country man the famous novelist to portray the scene. The floor all covered with beans the folks all holding their sides to keep their ribs from flying out.

Tom was not burned badly or we probably would have laughed less, for sailors have some feeling and that puts me in mind of my patient Litchfield, he continues about the same. I have just put a poultice upon his throat and the captain is very kind and humane, has been into our sty several times, brough him herbs and made him teas.

We do not lack for good officers

it is whales we lack. Now amongst all our sick and wounded I must not forget to go and wash my own which according to old womens signs is getting well. It has the sign of itching.

15th.

Nothing of any account has transpired today except the old cook gave the Captain a slap on his bottom as he was descending the fore-castle stairs to see how the sick and wounded were getting on. The cook thought it was Joseph one of the fore mast hands who is running up and down a good part of his watch, and said "get up you Devil you, what do you want below in your watch on deck. The Capt laughed and said to the doctor who is as black as hagar, do you want I should make a white man out of you? we all had a hearty laugh and the capt went aft and told the other officers and they all laughed.

47
16th

3 o'clock P.M. and my watch below and it has been ever since I hurt my arm. This fore noon I went to mast head to look out for whales stayed my two hours but saw nothing. Just been on deck to look at the ship Mediator of London which we spoke, bound for America with thousands of passengers on board, the space from the ships right head to her hysail was entirely filled with them. a great portion of which was Irish, the way to tell them is by their grinning and open mouths and there is a brogue to their looks as well as their tongues.

17th

Wind westward and not much of it although there is considerable swell on. We are heading for the western islands, we are cruising along and shall probably make them in

For
 about a month. ¹ myself I am
 almost discouraged almost three
 months out and only 40 barrels of oil
 but shall try to keep up a faint
 hope a little longer. The gaming
 god finds ways for about half the
 crew who often spend the whole of
 the night at their cards and dice
 which used to keep me awake when
 they first set them a going but
 now I can sleep as sound as a ^awhite
 - knot or dream the most delicate
 of dreams.

Yester morn the larboard watch
 felt rather curious after losing
 the most of their sleep in the night
 at cards as usual and began to clean
 the floor of the fore-castle before the
 star-board watch had done eating
 their grub which thing did not
 sit at all on the delicate stomach
 of the starboard watch. and this morn
 our watch began to clean out after
 the grub was passed to let them
 know we are as good as any of

44
them and to morrow morning at breakfast I expect there will be funny things said and done.

Litchfield is getting better fast, likewise Tommy, as for myself I stood my first watch on deck last night but when I was called the second at three oclock in the morning none of my party was good enough to wake me.

About $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 oclock this evening discovered a fin two feet above water $\frac{1}{2}$ mile off on our lee bow could not distinguish what it was, until we ran almost on to it, when it showed another fin which gave it the appearance of the Devils head and horns. The capt finally decided it was the old fire eater and loared away his boat. the mate, went, harpooners man, boat steered a good crew any way they pulled directly on to it and gave him an iron his flukes struck the boat ~~the~~ knocking the mate overboard on

four fathoms of water, broke the
 gunwale of the boat and my oar in
 three pieces which I very much
 regret as it was a ~~three~~ first
 rate one and we had no other on
 board that are good for anything
 (having lost all our best ones when
 we lost our steam boat) the shark
 for a bone shark it was went
 directly down and as much quicker
 than lightning as a gray cat is
 quicker than a wood pile took the
 whole of our line in the twinkling
 of a bootjack and he would like
 to have taken the boat down
 with him but we concluded he
 could do with out it and that
 he had a good iron and line and
 could set up whaling for himself.
 so being obliged to we let him go.
 It made good sport for us, all laughed
 all talked, Mr Bliss with the rest, though
 I think he would have cursed the
 fish for wetting him if he had not
 been a good Christian man ~~and~~

18th 6 month 1841

Rough weather, rough weather, when shall we again have good weather, such as I like. Nothing to do and I cannot do it if there is except to take in the slack of sheet and halyard. We are getting under short sail every thing and every body is wet and discouraged consequently uncomfortable, another man is sick with the throat ail and my arm is about the same healing with moderation, some proud flesh rather hinders it.

We are on good whaling ground if only we could see the barmints but no I we have not seen the spout of a whale this long time.

19th

Blowing almost a gale. forenoon below. fore-castle looked almost like a hogsty this morning than I ever seen it before I know several pig pens. back in the country in Mass that I should prefer to it. Coffee pots and meat have

been going from one side of the sty to the other sometimes up setting in the course across and now. I do not think it was less than eighteen inches at any rate it was muddy some. We turned to and cleaned it up and now I am going to turn into my bunk and let the wind blow and the water fly not expecting to sleep much for my birth layed the ship and every time she rolls I go from one side to the other like an old woman's shuttle.

20th

We have had it very still times until now after dinner they have begun their rowdy and there was noise enough sure.

21st

Stark calm. Nothing of consequence has been done this day Our last sick man has got well enough to play cards and the officers have found it out and have given orders to come on deck when all hands are called tomorrow. They say that any man well

enough to play cards all the time
can come down on deck half the day
Toward evening we saw a sun fish
and Mr Brailey loared for him but
missed him.

22nd long 25,33 Lat 42

The joyful sound of there she blows
there she white waters, there she lobtails
there she breaches there she turns
flukes was heard from mast head
the afternoon. I expected it this
morn when I was aloft but it
was so very foggy I could not see
one quarter of a mile. I saw a great
quantity of squid a fish that the
sperm whale lives upon but was
all of no use they turned out to
be fin back, The Tscamps.

24th

Made the island of Gracae about
2 o'clock this morning. It was quite dark
and to all appearance the land was
not more than a half mile off. We
about ship all of a sudden, I could see

the top of the land over the fore yard. We stood off until all hands were called in the morning at 4 o'clock when we tacked ship again and stood on again and about 7 o'clock we hove to and loared the chief mates boat. he went on shore to see if could land. We found we could and then the waist boat loared and took with them a barrel of black fish oil leaving the captains boat crew to take care of the brig so I did not go on shore and I do not know but it was best as I might have come off coiled up in the head of the boat as our frenchman did. In good sailing trim the boat came off about 2 o'clock in the afternoon with about 10 bushels of potatoes, four of onions a few eggs. The houses are built of stone and brick and the outside white washed, curious things any way. The view from the brig was most delectable. The south west side of the island where we landed was very high perpendicular to the height of ~~two hundred feet~~

20 - 120 ft and from that the country rather more gradual until the top of the hills were lost in the clouds. The country is cultivated about 2 thirds of the way up and green fields laid out so square and regular where there is even ground for there are many gullies in the land where the rain runs down grain, potatoes onions, beans, vineyards oranges and lemon groves with many cottages peeping out from behind them, all formed for our greedy eyes a scene more pleasing than I ever saw in any theatre or a picture gallery.

After we had taken in our vegetables and hoisted those of the crew on board who were not able to get on board. them selves from the effects of wine and a kind of liquor the Portogues call angadent we squared away and then ran due south. before a pleasant gale at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 P.M. we reached the island of St George

a distance of 80 miles. As we neared the land nothing but one unbroken wall of solid rock 200 ft high met our view but as we ran along and doubled round the point in order to gain our course west we discovered at intervals some signs of vegetation and clumps of houses peeping out from behind and on the sides of small hills, seeming by about to ~~be~~ taking their flight for still higher regions; On the top of Pico. Pico is an island laying south west from St George about 10 miles We ran by it after sunset. and it was not very plain to be seen about all I can say by it, is it has one very high peak which is seldom seen on account of clouds, which continually hang about its top and I suppose that a man on the top would not feel any way uncomfortable with a great coat and mits, when another at its foot would get about the right temperature by the wearing of a shirt and duck trousers. but the

5
cheering sight has faded from our
view and tomorrow when all hands
are called on deck and we cast a
hasty look astern nothing but the
unbroken horizon will meet it.
7th month 2nd 1841

This morning I had the pleasure of
raising a spout off the weather bow
it proved to be a lazy sperm whale
no one can imagine the joy on
board at the cry of there she blows
but those who had been in anxious
waiting for something of the greatest
importance. for 2 months we had
been beating about and cruised a
good portion of the north Atlantic over
and experienced several gales and
got nothing for our pains but one
black fish, and half our crew sick
and as the old story goes our labor
for our pains. But our joy lasted
not long. We loosed the boats and
went in pursuit but before noon
we began to feel rather sober
for we had got almost on to the

old soger several times and then he was away, we pulled until about noon and without our breakfast, which is nothing strange for whale men and sometimes all day. at noon we boarded the brig and I got breakfast and started anew and chased the old foe until sundown then he gave up the chase and went on board with almost broken hearts. That night I for one slept soundly not having slept more than four hours in as many days I lost the power of my limbs for some time I slept so fast.

4th

Memorable day to all Americans. It is a beautiful Sabbath morn with us in the little brig Poisset. here in the middle of the Atlantic. For two days we have been becalmed. Not a breath of air has ruffled the surface of the broad mirror on which we lay as a speck. The sails all hang motionless to the yard and a lusher scene cannot be conceived of. Nothing to do

and no place to put it after its done. Sometimes when I feel a little smarter a little refreshed by a long lounge on the vice bench or main hatch then I indulge in reflection of things probably taking place at home. I have thought more of old Bristol and Plymouth Counties this morning than I have since I left home. I have pictured to myself all sorts of parties and places but cannot satisfy myself as to when they take place whether yesterday or tomorrow, for I know that Sunday ashore is the Lords but here it is all the same Cursing and swearing, Yankee Doodle and Bonypart march are all the go. For my own part I swear but little out of respect to the chief mate which is a professor of religion and has the appearance of being a really good man. Yesterday we loosed a boat for a junk bottle which we saw afloat thinking it might

contain a letter from some poor fellows that were about to go to the bottom, but it contained about a half a pint of wine. With the bottle we tried an experiment of corking it perfectly tight and sealed and sinking it by means of a lead and four or five hundred feet of line. where the pressure is so great that it drives the cork into the bottle and fills the vacuum with water. and to hear some people disputing on the cause is really very interesting.

July 7 Lat 44.20 Long 34-17

Last night was one of the most awful and at the same time most beautiful I ever witnessed in my life. In the first watch there was there was discovered in the west a small dirty cloud and in a second it came up and rained some with occasional peals of thunder and in the last or morning watch it had gained its height a more beautiful scene could not be painted. The cloud

did not appear to be more than three times the height of our masts and the continual flash of lightning and the loud report of thunder that instantly followed was awfully grand. As soon as it was light enough to see distinctly I went to the mast head but seeing nothing and it being rather stormy I began to descend again and as I stopped a few moments on the rigging and leaned over the top sail yard, within six inches of the iron slings the which attracted a portion of electricity which spattered on the iron like molten lead I felt the shock very sensible never more so from an electric machine.

I came very near springing off the rigging and my legs had scarce strength enough to carry me safe below. Then came a shower of rain such as is seldom seen on shore. we filled several large casks from the spout of the round.

house and by plugging up the scuppers in five minutes the deck was covered with water a foot deep, then came the sport. Oh my laughing faculties! how the water flew. most of the foremast hands felt right for it and taking each a bucket & flinging it at each other as fast as possible whole buckets smack in each others faces and bad luck to our little jossy that weighs 200 lbs, they all after getting pretty tired pounced on the little harmless creature and drew the bucket down over his face nearly strangling the poor fellow. but he stood his ground and like a fighting cock giving some as good as they sent. sometimes even a little better.

8th

This day raised a spout but after some waiting and some bracing of yard it proved to be nothing but a family of grampuses. going on a visit, also spoke the bark Louise Campbell and saw as we ran along under her stern

oh, my soul and body, what a beautiful lady looking out at the cabin window. It put me in mind of the land where more of them grow and beautify and bless society. saw another bottle but did not stop to get it.

July 14th

Blowing half a gale of wind from the north. Yesterday morning I raised two sail standing the same way as we and by four o'clock we overhauled them they were the Richard Henry and La Grange of Mattapoissett and by the the La Grange some of our crew received letters which made some of us feel rather sorer than usual.

July 23

Have had something to do since I last wrote. on the 16th of this month our unlucky day it being my morning aloft I went up rather sleepily but had not been

there many minutes before something like the Spout of a whale attracted my notice. I looked sharply a minute and was convinced then I shouted as you may suppose, before the man on the foremast, had half gotten his eyes open, "there she blows and was hailed by the Captain where away? three points off the weather bow sir" It was early for the captain to be on deck, but we had a new foremast about half done that we got the day before of the brig Solon of Sipican and he was in a hurry to get it up for we could not make much sail on our foremast, but the cry of there she blows soon lashed the spar. and got the boats ready for lowering.

The Snates boat was the lucky one again and about 9 o'clock. we had the old fellow along side and a little after sunset we had him cut and then there was

nothing to do but work. The way we get the blubber is by putting a chain round his flukes or tail and make them fast forward and let his body swing aft and then we cut a hole in his skin, to put in a hook that will weigh 100 pounds and heave at the windlass and cut round him at the same time stripping off what we call a blanket piece four feet wide and as thick as the blubber may be from 2 to 10 inches, as we hoist the whale turns over and we keep cutting until we get the strip chock into the main top then we put another hook in as low as can be and keep heaving and cutting off close until he is fairly stripped of his skin. mean time the captain cuts off his head as he turns, which generally contains one third of the whale oil. from the last one we got 43 barrels

Aug. 4th Raised another whale and lowered the boats and soon the mates boat was fast to him and the 2nd mates boat came up to him and drove a lance into him which made the old covey spout - blowed as thick as tar which when we see we know he is ours, he will not live long after he has got a lance into his life; however the captain to give us a chance to practice pulled up and drove an iron into ~~him~~ the whale and lanced him several times. Whilst he is doing it we have to pull up to the whale and stearn as quick as possible to keep the old fellow from bunting with his head or knocking us all to pieces with his flukes while he is rolling and tumbling and thrashing the water in the agonies of death. It is a large quantity of matter to die where the skin alone makes 70 barrels of oil.

8th month

6th

Long 42.25-

Towards night the cry of there she blows was sounded from mast head and soon the boats were over board and after blubber. Our chance was small but by good luck and it being Friday the second mate got fast to one which made us 40 barrels of oil. our boat was about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the fast boat and when the whale found there was irons in his back he ran as they almost always do, towards us and when he went down and came up he was close to us and we put two more irons in him and then the captain fell to lancing him and soon the old fellow yielded but came very near sending us on a mission lifting his flukes high out of the water. He fetched them down with the real disposition of combativeness within a few inches of our boat knocking the men off and wetting us all over then turning around and showing us his jaw

which the sailors call ¹ mashero
 snapping it quite angrily but he
 bit nothing but air. He soon had
 what we call his flurry, that is going
 round and round and trolling over
 which happens just before he dies when
 he turns over on his side and there is
 no more danger ~~from~~ him. Then we
 pull on to him and cut a hole in
 his head or his flukes and reave a
 rope that is made fast to the boat
 and tow him to the vessel. and we
 go to work to cut the ^{as before mentioned} blanket pieces
 into small ones, called hose pieces
 which are then minced ready for trying
 out in large pots set in brick. These
 pots will hold about 3 barrels of oil each
 at a time. The scraps do not much
 resemble those from an old womans
 kettle when she prepares lard. One
 scrap is as large as a peck basket and
 these we use instead of wood and
 they burn equal to ? coal in the
 arches of a furnace making a fire
 equal to it I think.

64
Aug 17th

This morning I was at masthead and one of the boat steerers, we raised white water and about 10 o'clock having a light wind we came up to it, it proved to be the wreck of a large vessel nothing but the hulk and that bottom up, we tried to turn it over by getting a rope around around her and making it fast to the brig but it would not do. Some went to work to cut a hole in her bottom but it was sunset before we had gotten a hole six feet sq. cut through her planking and then there were her timbers which were 18 inches through and her ceiling we gave it up for a bad job. Her breadth was enormous. The flat of her bottom was enough for 6 sets of cotillions - must have been a lumber ship for the ocean was alive with timber of which we took what we wanted. 3 sticks made $2\frac{1}{2}$ cords of wood

8th mo 19

This morning raised black fish

Aug 31 Loared the boats and caught
1 small whale made 5 barrels of
oil

9th mo 30

This morning the captain came
on deck seated himself upon the round
house, had not been there 5 minutes
before a sea struck the vessel in the
waist and flew aft and wet him
all over. He looked a moment
shook his head and ordered the helm
up and off she goes for the Western
Island. About the middle of the after
noon spied a ship. Thought from her
appearance she was bound for America
I went below and wrote 2 letters sheets
of paper over but was disappointed
in sending them for it proved to
be the barque Ann Maria of Fall River
40 days out 102 barrels of oil. We are
all anxious to get on shore our beef

66
is all spoiled and the devil him self
cannot eat it with out crying
10th mo 7, 184.

We had fair wind until today
it is too far to the northward for
us to head for the island. We are
about 100 miles from Pico.

17th

We made the island of Fayal.
We took on shore the steward and left
him in the counsellor's hands to get
him passage home as soon as
possible. Fayal is quite a pretty
place I should think in the midst
of summer but at this time it was
not very inviting. The crops are
almost gathered. Winter will soon
come but far more mild than
in old Mass. there is seldom
much ice and snow. The people
are in general indolent and
poverty and laziness are even
brothers. There are some however
who are rich as there all ways
will be in all countries.

There is nearly as many soldiers as privates who live on bread and water in principle a worse looking set of fellows sure the lord never made with their beards a foot long and their mustaches combed back to their ears and they being half black gives them more the appearance of devils than men. There are no horses here, the most like one I saw was a jackass which was ~~driven~~^{ridden} by the daughter of the governor or some of the nobles with a boy walking with a stick to quicken his pace as for carriages they have none nor could they use them if they had. There is but one short street not a mile long, they have sedans just large enough for one person looks like a coffin with two hay poles run through it with two men to carry it. Curious sight.

There is no danger of these folks dying as long as the earth yields her increase of potatoes and wine will keep them alive. They begin to plant in January and

64
continue until June. Corn and wheat are raised with out much trouble. grapes are abundant and the people press them for wine this they sell for two cents ~~on~~ vintino a gallon when new. when fermented. they want about 9¢ it cost but little for one to get drunk. They also dry grapes and make raisins. Figs also grow here but not to that perfection as in the West Indies. also the people do not understand curing them. Their apples are a kind of wilding which would hardly be thrown in with cider apples in our country
18th

The larboard boat crew went on shore and stopped until night and came off merry enough from the effects of wine agudent a kind of spirit which the people make. it is much more fiery than our rum
19th The wind blew considerably and the swell running into the land prevented the waist boat from landing as they ex

pected, it being their time to go on shore. we lay off and on all day waiting for water and recruits now came

20th the wind and sea calmed and the waist boat crew went ashore to enjoy them selves whilst we on board had the recruits to hoist in. 100 barrels of water and about 60 bushels of potatoes, apples raisins eggs fresh beef ~~on~~ I think I never saw ~~at~~ such steak before

22^d Spoke the barge Doc Franklin of Westport, that famous blubber hunter that has made so many short voyages and always returned home full. She was in at the island when we were there and there she shipped a man that left the Bogotar of Bedford and by him I heard from Alongo that he was well and a right good fellow very pleasing news to me. Long ago he had heard from me and I have not had a line or single word from home. I'll write to no one until I do.

11th mo 7th 1841 raised a school of

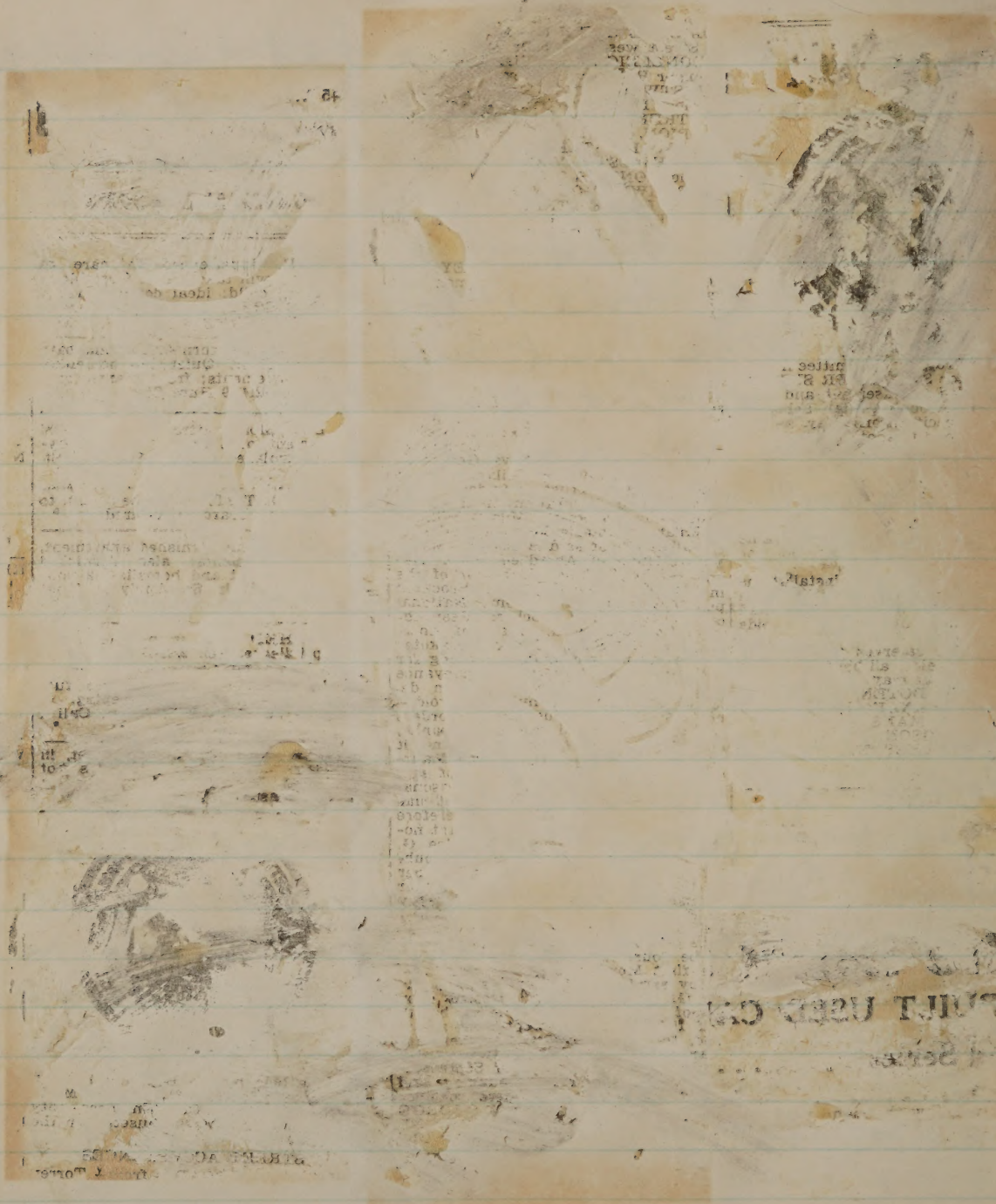
sperm whale - loared and chased them three hours and got one small one that we towed along side cut him in two pieces and had just about done cutting him when we heard there she blows again and got an other so that we got about 23 barrels killed another small one and lost it.

14th lat 20.24 Long 19.

just reached what we suppose to be good whaling ground and may it prove to be so, for we are getting quite sick of doing nothing and our wood and provisions are getting small. we have only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ barrels of beef that is fit to eat. We tossed overboard about 20 barrels of first rate beef only it is entirely spoiled for lack of salt and proper pickling, too bad when we are in such need of it. for three weeks we havent had enough beef to keep a cat alive, much more hearty men who have to pull hard at our oars when there is whales in

sight. Today we have had enough for sixty men. Yesterday we killed a hog and it was very nigh all cooked for dinner. but such a dish I do not like fresh pork - head neck ~~head~~ and head all boiled together with a few potatoes and duff makes ~~too~~ much of a good thing - that is for me.

Yesterday we raised as we thought a school of sperm whale as far off as we could see. we pointed the vessel towards them and got the boats all ready to loar but we got worked a little too slick by a damn sight joose grass and pudding they turned out to be nothing but porpoises jumping out of water which looked just like whale the spouts of sperm whale at a distance. The sperm fish ejects as much water at a spout but does not throw it so high, low and thick like smoke the ~~right~~ whale has two spout holes and makes a forked spout



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JOHN W. BROWN

The next night one of our men that goes by the name of "old sinner" came on board pretty fairly cornered and gave the captain cause to be offended. He had been sick sometime and the Capt. had been very kind to him and told him before he went on shore not to drink aquament for it was very hurtful, but the old fellow could not resist the temptation so he got put in irons and stayed put until he got sober. when he was set at liberty and mad enough for with all of us for not taking his part and helping him but no one will help him when he is saucy, but he need not be afraid of the officers abusing him wrongfully. at that time there is enough to defend him and see justice done.

at St. Vincent we traded for oranges and bananas. we got 550 which we ate in 24 hours, I painted the vessel while the others cut wood and got it aboard which by the way grows no larger

74
than a mans arm and very crooked
bought one dozen goats and I weighed
anchor and ran across to St. Antones
all in sight, where the starboard
and waist boat went on shore to
trade with the natives for oranges which
we got about 1500 and hogs a dozen
and 2 or 3 hundred squashes there
was 2 boats went on shore in
company with us from the brig
Main of Boston, The breakers ran
on shore about 6 ft high and the
shore was covered with stones. The
2nd mate and the boats from the
other brig would not run the
risk of being lashed to pieces on
the rocks but Capt Brightman
is a little fellow and head
strong enough to make it up.
he pointed our boat for the
shore and said he here goes it
Crockett and in three minutes
we were all wrong side up and
wrong side out some standing
on their feet, others on their heads

old boat wrong side up and all of us laughing except one Portagee who undertook to pilot us on shore, he I expect was afraid we should choke him for getting us on shore in such an uncouth way. When the sea had spent itself we got upon our feet and dragged the boat up high and dry. we found several holes in the bottom, only one of consequence which soon stopped so that we got well on board the brig at night; by constant bailing next day the larboard boat went on shore for more fruit and returned in the evening with 6 or eight bushels of a root the natives call ancarder(?). When we got the boat cleared and hoisted on the cranes we squared the yards and started for the line in lat about 10 north at which place we arrived last night, Dec the 12th. laid too and expect to see whales soon which if we do not I think I shall leave the brig and go home on foot

for staying here with out beef
or whales is not what its cracked
up to be

12th mo 17th 1841

When the Captain started for the
south he was going to a place
that he knew of where there would
be plenty of whales but on arriv-
ing there he only hove too one
night - started again the next
morning and has continued his
course to the westward with a
strong ^{trade} wind and we put the
fore top¹ mast studding sail on the
old Brig yesterday, a sail she
has not had on since we have
been out before. I expect the old
man is going to the West Indies
from the Courser and carrying sail.
"damn" the paper. I do not mean so it
is damp enough already.

Jan 7th 1842 We are now at the
Island of Blanca of the West Indies
where we lay at our anchor and
go on shore, get wood and have high

times in the sand which is fine and perfectly white on the shore, at night we got on shore for a kind of shell fish ~~milk~~ which we get by the bushel of which Doc makes a first rate soup. This island is inhabited only by goats and leopards and a few cattle with 5 Spaniards who take care of flocks.

First month the 12th

Raised Whales this morning in company with the barque Richard Henry of Mattapoisett loared and got four something remarkable for us never having taken but one at once. The Richard Henry got about about 40 barrels and we 50.

16th Raised black fish this morning about 3 o'clock loared the boats and kill five got three and stripped the blubber off them and got the ~~floors~~ decks swept before noon.

They are are a smart fish and just as dangerous as whales and when you have them their oil is not worth half price.

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1st mon 31st 1842

We are now leaving under the lee of the isles of Blasquillo. got under way this morning early and washed down the decks as usual and as it was agreed upon last night we all went aft to complain of the meat and see if the Capt would not give us some that was fit to eat for we had had nothing but stinking meat for a long time. and for three or four last boilings we will not eat any of it therefore we concluded to make a complaint and it was agreed that I should be the one to speak a task I did by no means want for I was a little fearful of the result would not be just as I could wish and so it proved. he said he paid \$10 per barrel for it and should not throw it away, very true he did buy it of the Richard Henry a few weeks before ~~but~~ I suppose

for good but it was all most as bad
 as that we threw away on the western
 ground twas all colors ~~of the rainbow~~
 from a lively green to a tofit brundle
 he said we should eat that or none
 and that cook would not fight, for as
 for having rotten beef cramed down
 our throats we thought it would
 not do, we therefore all with the
 exception of two Portagees went below
 and refused to do duty on such living
 when we refused to come on deck
 and relieve the ~~crew~~ ~~lofts~~ and helm
 he sent his two mates down into
 the fore castle and boarded up the
 bulk head so we should not go into
 the hole after anything to eat. Then
 nailed over the scuttle and forbid
 the Doc from sending any thing down
 for us to eat, then the with his
 mates and boatswains and worked
 the Brig back and came to an
 anchor where we left in the
 morning and here we are as Tom
 Pratt used to say "by hookey, pretty

well stived up, eleven of us in a little room if squared would make about 12 feet and as nasty any Hog sty mortal eyes ever beheld. This is a nasty scrape to be in but I'm glad the boys are all of one mind only we are barred in we will have some meat or go in irons to St Thomas to the American counsel and from there we will go home. About sunset the Capt and asked us if any wanted to go to his duty we told him all were ready if we could have any thing fit to eat. He said nothing but went aft.

Here we are in almost a perfect glee, some singing love songs some laughing some talking and of all the talk that I ever heard this day and evening beats every other that I ever witness. we have a fiddle and bass drum octave flutes and jews harps and we play every thing from Zip Coon

to Come ye Disconsolate.

2 mo 1st 1842

This morning the Capt came forward asked if any wanted to come to duty, no one answered, then he said "lay there and rot" and went off again. we began to think we should have another days sport but in half an hour they came from aft and all of them with handspikes and crow bars and tore the boarding from the scuttle and told those that wanted to go on duty to come up - no one started and in a few minutes the Capt came and in a speech which sounded more like him self, very handsomely called us a pack of fools and told us he had done everything he could for us and spent his dollar for beef, that we all very well knew and as for being treated any better than we had by him we would not have been by any other Capt that sails the Atlantic, but it was eating

rotten beef ~~that~~ when there was good
in the hold that stuck by the ribs.
we went to work and tried to work
the ugly stuff off whilst we tucked
into our bodies that that would do
a fellow good and thus ended this
rather unpleasant experience
there has never been the least
defaulting before and I hope this
is the last, The Capt has often said
he has got as good a crew as
anybody and I know that none
of the crew are any ways dissatis-
fied with him. We have been
repairing rigging and been on
shore after Wilkes again today
2 mo 2nd

Got under way this morning and
bid Blanquilla good by. We
are now bound for Portoricko all
in good spirits, ^{at last} like a thunder
cloud after it has spent its fury.
7th made the isle of St Domingo
about 3 oclock P.M and came to
an anchor under the lee of P + ?

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a small island adjoining St. D. on
the south ~~east~~ point and helps form
what is called a sandbar, a bay
where the sperm whale makes a
stopping place.

2nd mo 14

We are at the isle of St Domingo
yet. Its a grand place to go on shore
just such a place as the old man
always gets to go in at where there
is not a being that looks like human
nature. There is about a dozen
Creol French - poor fishermen who
come here from the other side of
the land where there is a plenty
of inhabitants and large towns which
in all probability we will not visit
or even have a distant view of
on account of the late troubles. The
Old man, that's the Captain, is quite
sure he will have to ship new men
if he goes any place where there
where men can run away. No longer
since, than last night, six of our men
under took it but being too drunk

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they made a failure of it. Old
~~banks~~ Bungo the cooper was captain
of the band and drunkest of the lot.

I must give them credit for doing
what they did in a work man like
way. In the first place, the falls
by which they hoisted the boat upon
the cranes was slashed to prevent
its playing traitor, then the thoul
pins were taken from each boat,
so in case we found out before they
made their escape we could not
have pulled after them until we
had made new ones. and as for
sailing after them, they had the
start of us for they took the
sails that belong to the other boat
into the one they intended to
take their leave in. When all was
in readiness, the cooper who lived
aft and slept in the second mates
state room, went below for some
clothes and being half seas over
stumbled into the 2nd mate and
woke him and instead of going

about his business, asked him to have something to drink. but whether he did or not I do not know, however he went on deck before the cooper and found them all around the boat and her cranes swung all ready for lowering and there they were flat in the fire and their cake all dough, 23th the Capt. when all hands were called for two of the head ones of the rogues, Jack and the Frenchman, said he, oh you young pirates, going to rob the vessel were you? they made but little answer, and the old man said no more then, but went to work and made some cats (that is an instrument of punishment) and laid them on the gang way for the people to see. after breakfast I expected there would be something doing, but it passed off and will be forgotten I hope.

28th got under way this morning at 7 o'clock and left the island called Grand Cayman under the lee of

which we have been laying since night before last yesterday was a busy day with us. soon as we had our breakfast the boats began to come off to us loaded with potatoes, yams & pumpkins sugar plantain bananas watermelons and other things too numerous to mention the fruit which could be eaten without cooking we brought forward and the pumpkins the old man brought aft. the way the sailors smuggled rum on board was interesting. The last time we went on shore the old man forbid some got pretty well soused and the old man forbid any more being brought on board, but where there is rum sailors know how to get at it and have it they will.

3rd mo - 4th 1842. We are now in the gulf of Mexico a famous place for whales but we have seen none and I do not expect to see any just our luck. I expect we have

got all the oil we shall. There is
 more vessels in the bay than there can
 possibly be whales, I however we are
 determined not to be too down in the
 mouth but frolic, dance and make
 ourselves fussy on good ~~vittles~~ victuals
 which thank the Lord we now have
 good, I think we have five barrels
 of beef in the hole and that is not
 going to last us six months at the
 rate we eat at present. We average
 a bushel of sweet potatoes and our
 allowance of meat a day. The meat
 we got from the Maracibo is
 first rate. By the way I forgot
 the story of that little
 Hamorrhadite Brig when we
 were laying off and on at the
 island of St Vincent, one of the
 west Indies where I enjoyed
 myself the best of all my going
 on shore. I'm travelling back into
 the mountains and over the
 plantations, this place a few years
 ago I should think was great for

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its rum manufacture. In almost every valley there is a ~~distillery~~ stillery now in ruins. There is no slaves in the island now its 5 or 6 six years since they were liberated and they are too lazy to work to raise sugar cane and ; these mills are of no use. You cannot hire some of them to work at any rate so long as they can get a coconut a potato or a yam and piece of fish to eat. quite a pleasant place but after all its not a place that I should want to spend my life in. There ~~are~~ houses are superior to those where we have stopped before being built of boards and timber instead of bamboo and grass. The appearance of the land from the ship is beautiful composed of promontories and vales one after the other in surprising order.

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